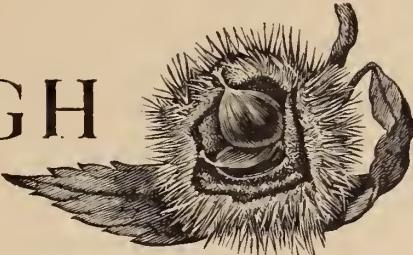




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THE
LEHIGH  **BURR.**



VOLUME THIRD.

1883-4.

EDITORS FOR THE YEAR.

A. P. SMITH, '84, MANAGING EDITOR.

R. H. WILBUR, '85, BUSINESS EDITOR.

H. B. DOUGLAS, '84,

C. O. HAINES, '84,

W. H. COOKE, '85,

M. A. DEW. HOWE, JR., '86,

R. H. DAVIS, '86,

WM. WIRT, MILLS, '87.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

PRESS OF E. G. KLOSE, MANAGER.

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LENINGH

BURR

* September. *

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

South Bethlehem, Penna.

FOUNDED BY ASA PACKER.

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For further information apply to the President,

ROBERT A. LAMBERTON, LL.D.,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

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Published monthly during the college year.

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J. A. WATSON, '84, J. A. HEIKES, '85.

R. H. DAVIS, '86.

All communications and other matter should be sent to the Managing Editor. All business letters to the Business Editor, Box 497, Bethlehem, Pa.

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BY way of salutatory we would announce that the subscription price of THE BURR has been reduced to one dollar a year, so that no English speaking family need be without it. Any person getting for us ten or more new subscriptions at this price will be given a ticket of life membership in the University Athletic Association, with the privilege of subscribing to the fund for laying a new track.

AFACT which will become more evident on the appearance of the Register, is the extraordinary growth of the school of general literature. The school of general literature as a term including the three courses known as Classical, Scientific, and Latin Scientific. This school has not attracted much attention heretofore on account of its limited number of students, though for the last year or so the proportion which its roll bore to that of the entire University has been as high as that which existed at Cornell. With the outgoing of '83 the school suffered severe loss, but '87 came

to the rescue and notwithstanding the loss referred to, nearly doubled its numbers. This is a striking evidence of the prosperity of Lehigh, and of the fact that we are a University and not a mere technical school.

IT is to be hoped that the tax levied by the Athletic Association will be paid up in full and promptly. Any one who fails to come to time in the matter should be barred from contesting for any of its medals or holding any office, or voting at its meetings, if the last were possible. It is an evident fact that the interest in this branch of college sport is at its lowest ebb, and that it will never begin to retrace its path toward high water mark until the new track is finished. In the light of these facts, pay your taxes and subscribe besides if you are able.

It might be a good scheme for the class treasurers to set some day or days, upon which they will make the rounds of the class, and expect every man to be ready with the cash. This would prevent much loss of time and annoyance, which are unavoidable under the present system of collecting.

IT becomes more and more evident every day, with the increase in the number of students and the corresponding unwieldiness of class and college meetings, that there should be adopted some manual of parliamentary practice, for guidance in these assemblies. At present there is no recognized authority in the matter, and as a result we are often at a loss how to decide questions which arise; and have to fall back on precedent, vague at best, and doubly so when interpreted by each party to suit its convenience and its view of the question under discussion.

Would it not be well for a committee including representatives from the different

THE LEHIGH BURR.

classes to make a formal choice of one of the three or four manuals published upon this subject, which would thus become the standard.

MEMBERS of the junior, sophomore, and freshman classes who have literary talents or tendencies, should remember that each one of the classes named is entitled to another representative on the staff of THE BURR, and that all contributions handed in before Christmas will be taken into consideration in filling those vacancies.

THE cane-rush is no more. This antiquated old custom fell by the hand of the class of '85. There are no mourners.

With the increase in the size of the classes the affair has gradually changed from the old form of a rush, to a *méléé*, in which sophomore and freshman grovelled in the dust, or bumped their respective heads upon the cobble stones. Its attractions waned.

The possible prospect of lying at the bottom of a heap of twenty men while a hundred and fifty more tramp around and over you in a fierce struggle is not pleasing.

There were several things however which supported its declining years. The sophomore was held by the bonds of custom, the freshman by the desire to assert his manhood, and revenge the rough usage of the first week or two of the term; while the upper class men urge the thing on for the sake of seeing the fun.

'Eighty-five now throws off all restraints of custom, and says, that if carrying a cane comes under "the pursuit of happiness" guaranteed to man in the declaration of independence, it shall not be denied the fresh—man.

It was an act requiring considerable moral courage, knowing as they must, that it would be misinterpreted by many small minds who judge others by their own standard, and that the nauseating freshness of certain types of freshmen would blossom out to an almost unbearable extent under such favorable circumstances. They deserve all the more therefore, the thanks of the college.

It is not altogether just that the concession should come all from one side, and the action of the freshmen in rejecting the overtures of the sophomores cannot be too strongly condemned. The freshman who flaunts the cane which the courtesy of his superior allows him to carry, proclaims the fact that he is void of all generosity, and gives color to the suspicion that he would have skulked in the rush had that struggle taken place.

THE announcement made by President Lamberton on the opening day of the term to the effect that hereafter the University library would be opened on Sunday afternoon from one till seven, was received with almost as loud applause as was given that which two years ago rendered the existence of the gymnasium a certainty.

The concession is another gratifying evidence of the fact that while "the world do move," Lehigh, an important accessory, is not being left behind. It was known to THE BURR early last winter that the question was under consideration and that the proposed innovation was strongly favored by Dr. Chandler, the director of the library, but the information was not made public as there was of course a possibility that the matter might fall through. The advantages of this arrangement are so obvious and they have so often been stated that it is unnecessary to remark upon them. It is of special benefit to those rooming in and around the Halls. The most striking result will probably be noticed in the improved morality of the freshmen who will decorously spend their Sunday afternoons in the library, reading Pilgrim's Progress instead of hanging out of their windows with tin horn in hand, waiting for the passing of the Teutonic fair one, as was the custom of ye student in ye olden time.

—The following gentlemen were elected on the Athletic Committee: Linderman, '84; Whitehead, '85; Sayre, '86; Moore, '87.

THE pamphlet of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr. on abolishing Greek and Latin from the college curriculum, and the substitution of French and German, has shown from the wide-spread reviewing it has received, that either the opinions of Mr. Adams are of considerable weight, or that the question he has raised has become a popular one. We have become so used to these studies as the staple of our collegiate food, have become so accustomed to regard them as the best modes of developing the brain and training the mind, that any change or substitution seems startlingly audacious. The advantages allowed to the study of Greek, are the exercise its difficulties give to the brain, and the beauty of its ideas and language when these difficulties are overcome. With all these excellent recommendations we must remember that a more practical course of study is required to-day than that of fifty years ago. The majority of men who attend our colleges now, do so to fit themselves for some business or profession and not, as formerly, to get a scholarly education.

To keep up with our own times we are forced to work faster and harder than our fore-fathers did, and the hours spent over Greek roots and idioms in college are not in keeping with the rushing, practical existence we pass into. So much has been done and there is so much yet to learn in this nineteenth century that the four years spent among the gods and heroes of ancient Troy is not the best preparation for it. If Greek is valued for the training it gives the logical and reasoning faculties, the higher mathematics can certainly supply its place. If we value it for the beauty of its rhetoric and ideas, it must, indeed be a dainty mind which can find no worthy translation among the works of such men as Cowper, Chapman, Pope, Bryant and Derby. It is true we lose,—even with such translators as these,—some of the grandeur, and those native touches which no commentator can supply, but we content ourselves with a copy of a Titian if we cannot get the original, and how many are there who

miss the difference? To the theologian, the lawyer and the scholar, who enters college with the intention of remaining a scholar throughout his life, and who loves Greek for its own sake, the study of Greek is indispensable, but to the majority of students it represents the main substance of their course and is often as quickly forgotten as it was difficult to master. Most of Mr. Adams' opponents on this subject cry out against his new doctrine, not wishing to believe that the time spent upon the dead languages has been wasted, and yet how many alumni honestly believe the four years of hard work over their Greek and Latin are worth the pleasure they may get from an evening spent with their Homer and a frequently consulted lexicon? And how many of the Alumni of our colleges give up their paper or their genial club for such an evening?

MY PENATES.

SING not to me the Household Gods
Of beaten brass or carvèd stone,
Placed o'er the hearth with glazed eyes
To guide live men of mind and bone.

My Household Gods I typify
In gentler forms of everyday;
As true, though ever silent friends
Whose mission 'tis to cheer, not sway.

My briar-pipe rests on its shrine
Half hid in bed of amber weed,
Below, my books with service worn,
The best of friends, when friends we need.

And a sweet face—a girl I know,—
Smiles on me from an oaken frame.
These are Penates modernized,
Though as of old, they cheer the same.

LEAVES FROM A TRAMP'S DIARY.

WE had tramped twenty-seven and one-half miles, and were foot-sore, weary, and hungry—as tramps are wont to be—when we arrived by night at the quaint Dutch (Pa.) town of Womelsdorf. We were traveling through the Valley of Limburger—I mean Lebanon, where water was scarce and the Teutonic element in abundance.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

" May we have a drink of water?"

" Ve haf none vor our own selbts." Alas ! it was even so, and with parched mouths we trudged on. At first we wondered how these sons of toil performed their morning ablutions ; but a closer scrutiny cleared away our wonderment, and my comrade the Doctor, gave it as his opinion, from a professional point of view, that water being positive and the Teutonic element negative, mutually dispelled one another. " What a wide field for a benevolent rich man," he exclaimed, " and what a benefit to mankind if this broad valley could be artificially irrigated and peopled with men of at least average intelligence!" and when you take into consideration the fact that we had been turned away from at least five houses without the " aqua pura " so necessary for our existence, you can hardly blame the Doctor's disgust. I was more philosophic and drew comfort from my pipe, and silently kicked myself—for taking that route—when my companion was not looking.

The towns in this valley however are very interesting ; and their queer old fashioned pumps at every corner showed us that they did not suffer from scarcity of water if the country did. Many a pretty picture did we see framed by the doorways of their odd-looking houses, and if it were not for the harsh sounds of the Pennsylvania Dutch patois, one could easily imagine himself in a foreign land. Womelsdorf was no exception to the general rule, though somewhat larger than her neighbors, and boasted of two hotels.

An inquiry put us on the way to the better of these, and we were soon there. But, horror of horrors ! A Dutch brass band was on the third floor!! It was practicing !!! Tough reader, did you ever hear a band of the above description, practice ? If not, do so and mend your ways. When you find out what can possibly exist on earth, you will be afraid to leave this world of ours, and will repent and lead a new life. We went to the other hotel. Our host was a very fat man with an asthmatic

voice. He must have measured three cubits about the equator. I didn't measure him, but the Doctor informed me he had waltzed with a girl about that size once, and afterwards measured his arm and a boat hook he had used to make the circuit, and could easily compute it without a table of logarithms. His eyes were small and we could see them twinkle whenever he could draw his cheeks down far enough to look over them. A little girl stood by his side and looked at us with widely opened eyes. " Can we have lodging for the night?" inquired the Doctor.

" Vas you cigar makers?" asked Mr. Adiposetissue.

" No, certainly not. Do we look like it?" replied the Doctor, looking down at his dusty shoes and ragged clothes, and glancing slyly at my own artistic attire.

" Vas you haf money?" still queried our host.

This was interesting, and at the same time insulting ; but the Doctor drew himself up proudly, rattled the contents of his purse—a dollar and a quarter in ten cent pieces and buttons—and exclaimed :

" Money ! of course we have money—plenty of it. Do you suppose, sir, that we would ask for lodging without money?"

" Yah, von, du, dree many dimes," he growled as he lit a candle. At this dramatic period of the conversation, the little girl ran from the room, and almost before the Doctor had dropped his purse into his pocket, had returned. Running up to him with an open book in her hand she whined :

" Vont you blease subscribe for a new Sunday-school library?"

We glanced at each other some moments without speaking ; then sadly turned away and followed the wheezy old man up the rickety stairs.

He showed us into an uncarpeted room with four double beds in it saying at the same time :

" Du bets will be enough, ain't it?"

"Do you sleep apart, colonel?" said the Doctor to me.

"No."

"Nor I either, I guess two beds will be sufficient; but see here my friend, is this the best room you have?"

"Yah, dis is goot enough vor anybody."

"Well I wish you to understand sir, that if we desired to sleep in a barn we would not apply at a hotel. We have money to pay for good accommodations; this room is not good enough for us. Good night,"—and leaving our would-be host lost in astonishment, we adjourned to the other hotel, willing to defy the Dutch band rather than to sleep in such a hole as that.

In the face of all that discord, the Doctor went to sleep, snoring as if he were trying to discount the band itself. That exasperated me more than the noise above. To think that he, of all my friends should go to sleep and leave me thus. I smoked four pipes and could stand it no longer.

"Hello, murder, fire, thieves!"—I shouted.

"What's the matter!" exclaimed my friend, starting up.

"Oh nothing," I merely wished to tell you they are playing another tune up stairs."

He growled out something which would have rather shocked a Sunday-school Superintendent or a State Senator, and was soon again in the land of nod.

The Band broke up about twelve o'clock, and it is to be hoped for the good of tourists and invalids within a hundred miles, that they have disbanded "ad infinitum."

"FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT."

BRUSSELS.

TO "THE BURR:"—Roaming from place to place in search of pleasure, one is led almost unconsciously to jot down the comparisons of the novelties we see, with things at home. Each country, each journey, each day; almost every turn in the street, brings up some feature of life in contrast with our own. Old

friends are left behind and new ones made, but not substituted for the old; nor, let me add, is THE BURR, with its influence for good or ill, its great possibilities, its laudable ambitions, and the estimable work to which it is pledged, ever forgotten.

Leaving behind us old England, our English tongues and manners; our Yankee notions, and as far as possible our American prejudices,

* * * * *

passing the historic towns of Burges and Ghent, Brussels is reached. This "Miniature Paris" is probably, in its quiet way, one of the most interesting cities on the continent. The lower town or old Flemish portion, with its crooked streets, fine Gothic buildings, and ancient churches, was once the home of the beauty and chivalry of Brabant. Modern Brussels lies on rising ground. The wide clean avenues, bordered by brick houses, plastered over and painted light buff—together with the profusion of small parks, equestrian paths, and shaded walks give it an air of cheerful neatness quite unusual. I had never comprehended what was meant by "a dog's life," until I here saw large dogs harnessed to two-wheeled hand-carts. They run along underneath and assist the master, who divides his time between pushing the cart and kicking the unfortunate cur. I wonder if it was here that Burns got his inspiration for "Twa dogs"—the application of the poem is literal. In Germany also they are alive to the usefulness of dogs, the milk in every town being delivered in wagons drawn by these animals.

The Belgian legislators are not now in session, but their halls attract the curious. The walls of the Senate chamber are hung with the paintings of ancient heroes and kings. Among them are Pepin, the Short; Charlemagne; and Godfrey of Bouillon. A friend inquired, with perfect mock gravity, of the Concierge, if they were all dead? She replied, "yes, I think so." In the old town, on a corner of the rue de la chene, stands the celebrated fountain statue, known as the Mannakin.

There is an attendant for its special care. On certain fete days it is dressed in uniform and saluted, in venerable but vulgar commemorations of an act of daring.

One of the most lucrative and interesting industries of Brussels, is the manufacture of lace; for the elegance of which article the city has long been celebrated. You have no difficulty in gaining admittance to the establishments. On driving up to the door a smiling French girl (she knew at a glance that we were "green") rushes out to inquire whether Monsieur does not wish "to see how they make the lace, the most beautiful lace." She "would be so happy to serve Monsieur," &c. At first one is rather flattered at receiving such gushing attentions, but by the time that you have gone over the place, been nearly talked to death, and are finally, with a grand flourish, ushered into the presence of Madame herself, you begin to see "a thing or two"—a sort of come-into-my-parlor-said-the-spider-to-the-fly business. All the laces are made by hand. The poorer qualities, and the less difficult parts of the fine ones are worked by the peasant women; but expensive laces require great skill and patience. The one peculiar effect of this trade is, to produce near-sightedness to a distressing degree. These lace-makers receive but from two and one-half to four francs per day, *i. e.* from fifty to eighty cents. I saw one poor girl working with four thousand bobbins and two thousand pins, on a piece of lace eight inches wide. It required six months of constant labor to make a yard. The patterns are stamped on paper, through the outlines of which the pins are stuck, and around these the fabric is knit.

Here on the Continent, people know how to enjoy themselves. They make the most of life. At night the public gardens are illuminated, and enlivened by fine music. Here congregate the elite of the city to listen to what we would call an out-door concert. I was particularly struck with this, at one such concert in the park last night. The broad drives, the

promenades, the sparkling lakes, were all ablaze with light, while deepening shadows gathering far beneath the trees, produced a scene at once magical and wierd. In front of the orchestra's fantastically arranged pavillion, sat hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, sipping their coffee or wine, in happy forgetfulness of care. In fact at this season, both here and in Germany, bugle notes seem to dwell in every grove, and the people assemble there to breath their harmonies.

Galleries of paintings are so numerous in Europe as to become a bore to any but a connoisseur of art. It is quite amusing to hear travelers raving over a picture to which they see some great name attached; while the aping tone of their criticisms at once betrays their ignorance. But in Brussels is found a comparatively unfrequented gallery, that one can enjoy because of the eccentricity as well as the excellence of the works. In fact it is known as the "Wurtz Collection of Eccentricities." The pictures are all of a writhing and tragic character, betokening an author of the most extravagant fancy. Some of the ideas are wild representations of the horrible deeds of maniacs, of people rising from the dead, or escaping from yet unburied coffins. One, is Satan falling from heaven; the conception evidently having been caught from Milton's Paradise Lost. The most curious of all is a picture of Napoleon in hell. Dressed in the uniform of the "Little Corporal," even to the small cocked hat, he stands enveloped in flames, but neither is his coat changed, nor has the smell of fire passed on him. His maimed and bleeding victims throng around, and tauntingly thrust their mangled limbs into his face. But even the turmoil of the Inferno disturbs him not. Excepting an expression of mingled pity and disdain, he remains in hell, as on earth, "the man with the marble face."

In the public squares and at almost every corner of the street, one is met by some reminiscences of ruder times. Here Philip II. and the cruel Alba, practised the worst atrocities—

and met the most determined resistance—in their attempt to impose the Inquisition on The Netherlands. This little flat corner of the earth bears the scars of many great battles. Slav, Teuton, and Gaul, have in turn, or together, from time to time desecrated its shrines, and left their bones to enrich its soil. Here raged the wars of the "Grand Monarque;" and, thanks to the genius of Vauban, here was part of that wonderful "Classic land of fortified defence." The Brabant rising of 1789 was soon followed by the restoration of the Austrian power. Since then Belgium has belonged to France, and to the Netherlands; but achieved independence in the revolution of 1830. Within the present century she has been an eye-witness of the most decisive battle in modern history,—Waterloo. Her energies are now wisely turned toward internal development, rather than to meddling in external broils. Pursuing a quiet and unobtrusive policy, Belgium has little to fear from more powerful neighbors. The "Balance of Power" issue will protect her, nor is it unlikely that, some time when the big dogs are fighting, the little one may carry off a bone.

Possibly there is no spot in Europe of more interest, as regards the thrilling historical episodes, of which it has been the scene, than is the "Grand Place" in Brussels.

With the magnificent Hotel de Ville on one side, and the Maison du Roi opposite, it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to call up from their niches in history those events which have made it celebrated. Here where the centuries lie crumbled one upon another, is buried the fanaticism, the broken faith, and the worsted power of Spain. In this little square, hallowed by the blood of those noble martyrs, the patriot Counts Egmont and Horn, the people are still wont to meet in reverential thankfulness for the preservation of their liberties in the past, and in fearless determination to maintain them in the future.

R. R. P.

THE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

THE first Championship Tournament under the auspices of the University L. T. C., was opened on Saturday, September 15th, with success.

Tennis has never been popular among the body of our students, it was a woman's game, they said, a grown up battledore and shuttlecock and the uninitiated found it an uninteresting game to watch. The Tennis Club, however, by opening the tournament to the whole college, by supplying the prizes from their own treasury and appointing their own men to complete the thankless work of arranging preliminaries, gave the undertaking an impetus which has placed tennis high in our athletic institutions. The Executive Committee also endeavored to make the Tournament a matter of interest to outsiders as well as a satisfactory contest, and the number of spectators who witnessed both Saturday's and Monday's games proved that their efforts from a social point of view, were appreciated and successful. The result of the Tournament, with scores of the games is as follows:

Singles: C. Dayis *vs.* Forstall, 6-2, 6-1. Frazier *vs.* Reeves, 6-3, 6-2. Howe *vs.* R. Davis, 6-3, 6-1. C. Davis *vs.* Frazier, 6-0, 6-2. Final game for championship; C. Davis *vs.* Howe, 3-6, 6-4, 6-0, 6-0. This was by far the most interesting feature of the Tournament, the playing of both gentlemen being especially brilliant. Doubles: Forstall and P. Toulmin *vs.* Booth and H. Toulmin, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4. Forstall and P. Toulmin *vs.* Reeves and Knorr, 6-5, 6-3. C. Davis and R. Davis *vs.* Howe and Frazier, 6-1, 6-5. This was the event of the doubles, the playing on both sides being almost even. The final championship double with Messrs. Davis *vs.* Forstall and P. Toulmin resulted in favor of the Messrs. Davis, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.

Though the fine playing during the Tournament was a matter of surprise to many of our students, it is to be expected that after the Club has its grounds in order and better facil-

ties are obtained for practicing, the Spring Tournament will be an even more interesting meeting.

A HINT.

YOUNG Gussie Punk was a fearless lad,
A fearless lad was he,—
He would strike a ten with the greatest ease
While his neighbor made a three.

He rode full well—this gay young man,—
His steed so fast and free,
One day his pony balked, and kicked,
And Gussie—where was he?

L'ENVOI.

You may seek within the class-room,
You may search upon the green;
But the smiling face of Gussie Punk
Will never more be seen.

Z.

A MID-SUMMER IDYL.

I HAD just got my boat in the water, my net up and my boots unpacked, when I received a dispatch from my freshman, Richard Steele, the late recipient of my advice and tobacco during his first year at the 'Varsity. "I find camping out a delusion and a snare. Will join you at Squan on the 6th," he telegraphed. I had not advised him to take *that* step as any one who recommends a summer resort may count on being blamed for all evils that arise, while the bad cusine, careless landlord or uncongenial guests are considerably overlooked. I folded the dispatch and turned a critical eye on the immediate horizon. The porch was filled with white frocks, the river shone with boats and "love—forty" "fifteen—forty" echoed in many courts. Moreover the register showed an average of one male to every five females. "What could man wish for, more." I thought "he ought to be satisfied." My freshman arrived that night and saw the battery of fair eyes from the porches with that *sang froid* which is only found in an embryo Sophomore. "Nice lot of people," I ventured, "You'll be quite an acquisition; they only need a little stirring up." "If you mean I am to act as a projector of

private theatricals, pic-nics and tennis tournaments, you've made a mistake." he objected; "as for the young ladies, they'll do—for tennis; but I've engaged my leading lady for the campaign already. I met her coming down on the cars. Do you know any one at the Eastlake Arms?" "Why?" I cautiously inquired. I did have some very swell friends at that hotel but I hesitated before launching an unformed freshman on them. "Well, she's going there, I mean the leading lady. I found her at the depot bewildered with her baggage and offered my assistance, which was coldly but politely rejected. Reopened the attack in the Pullman and finally 'Veni Vidi, Vice.' You can't understand it, I knew you wouldn't. I have a theory that a lady can always know and appreciate a gentleman in whatever position they are placed, if he shows himself one—now I showed myself one—." "By speaking to an unprotected female in a railroad car," I suggested. "My dear fellow, it's the way in which it's done. There is a vast difference between the way a commercial drummer 'mashes' a girl, and a gentleman makes himself agreeable to the fair traveling companion. And she's all right, no end of a swell, had a crocodile bag with silver letters and a copy of 'Yolande' stuck in the side, and she's staying with the Van Dyke's of New York. That settles her social status pretty sharply, I believe."

In the morning Steele haunted the Eastlake Arms, failed to find his charmer and returned disgusted. His trip was not lost on the feminine side of the house. Nothing so unreasonable as a woman scorned, and here was a hotel full. "Your friend has acquaintances at the 'Arms?'" one of the slighted maidens asked me. "Yes, a young lady, staying with the Van Dykes." "I'm sorry he don't appreciate the advantages of home talent. I consider him a deserter." And henceforth Steele was socially ostracised.

"There's going to be a hop at the 'Arms' to-night," he volunteered later in the day, "and

I want you to present me to the Van Dykes, I'll make it even by handing your name to their friend." Though I dread summer resort hops, with the change from white flannels to broadcloth, the precocious children who monopolize the floor and the inundation of "Saturday Nighters," with their remarks on the heat in the city, number of sunstrokes and the latest on 'Change; still for Steele's sake I assented—and besides, Mrs. Van Dyke's dinners are celebrated. "Well," I inquired of him, "have you found your charmer?" "Yes, just this minute. She's sitting on the porch, looking in; might have known she wouldn't dance; in mourning. Will meet Miss Van later." Seeking the seclusion which verandas grant, with Miss Van Dyke sometime after, we came upon a lone couple of opposite genders, one of whom I recognized as my freshman. It so happened that Miss Van Dyke wanted her shawl at that moment. I offered to bring it, "No," she said, "I'll send for it," and turning to her friend, remarked, "Marié, get me my shawl, please; you'll find it in my room." "Is that the young attraction, who I hear is staying with you?" I inquired, as a feeler towards presenting Steele. "Staying with me? No; that's my maid."

The friendly darkness hid Steele as he softly swore at the ingenuous maiden whose social status was so sharply fixed, and as soon as the succession of mistakes unfolded and his adventure began to spread, he packed his valise like the Arab and sought the deeper solitudes of the Adirondacks.

'83'S COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE Commencement Week of '83, now a thing of the past, contained so many original features, which while experimental were yet eminently successful, that a review of them here can but recall pleasant memories, if it serves no other purpose. Commencement Week should be that part of a man's college life which to him, personally, is the most attractive. He is, undeniably, the hero of the

hour, the proud parents and fair cousins, assisted by the alumni and Board of Trustees, have assembled to do him honor, and to send him forth into life's battle and so on, with the proper amount of enthusiasm, flowers and good wishes. From the Baccalaureate Sermon on to the closing exercises at the Opera House, the last Commencement Week moved smoothly and satisfactorily. The Sophomores added their mite to the fund of festivities by introducing a Calculus cremation on Monday night and, notwithstanding the gloom inseparable from such an occasion, recovered sufficiently to do their proper share at the Junior Reception. This was the second ball given in the Gymnasium and is no doubt as pleasantly remembered as any other ball, three months after date. The Junior Oratorical Contest which took place on the following morning is another innovation which reflects credit on its originators, the alumni; and in time will reflect credit on the contestants. Banner Day was of course the event of the week. The weather was favorable for an outdoor gathering, and the bright dresses of the ladies, the music and the presentations combined to ensure the success of the innovation. Perhaps even minor criticism is unjust, as the exercises of Banner Day were not intended for a public exhibition and to furnish amusement for the masses, but as an occasion of rejoicing, a youthful frolic which dignified seniors found difficult to obtain in any other way. But still, future historians and class poets should beware of treading too often on each other's ground and remember that brevity is not only the soul of wit, but a very satisfactory substitute in a long programme. The details of Class Day, such as breaking the bowl, the selection of songs and the like, are points which may meet with some alteration, but in the main features, a precedent has been established which coming classes will do well to follow. The unfitness of the drawing room as a place for holding the Commencement exercises, was well attested by the crowd that filled every available

portion of the Opera House during their progress. It showed also the growing interest of outsiders in the college, an interest which might well shame the unfortunately large number of students, who did not remain to pay this last compliment to the departing graduates and assist in so fitting an end to their college life.

THE PLEASURES OF READING.

IT is one of the disadvantages of a college system like ours, in which all that is taught is expected to bear directly on one's profession, that we are not encouraged to get an insight into literature. Coming from a preparatory school as many of us do, and entering at once into the similar but more difficult work of the University, our youth passes away, without our having even acquired an inclination to read those books which are the glory of our mother tongue. This is a misfortune almost, to many of us, who are not even aware of what we have lost. It is needless to expatiate on the pleasure to be derived from reading an interesting book. The gamin whose only knowledge of literature is derived from some "penny dreadful" is conscious of it. But his pleasure is of a far different nature from the satisfaction which an intelligent man derives from the works of his favorite author. And as one's knowledge of the good books of the world increases, so does his pleasure in reading. There can be little doubt but that the well-read man is in a better position to appreciate the good things of this world than the man whose mental horizon is bounded by his office or workshop. Reading like traveling has also the effect of broadening the range of our sympathies and eradicating the most of our prejudices. No man is so apt to be narrow-minded as the specialist, and none less apt to be so than one who has read or traveled much. However it is not within the power of the writer to paint the delights of reading in such glowing colors, that a full fledged Shaksperian or Emerson club shall spring Athene like from his brain. He is, alas, one most wedded to his

idols. Calculus and others of like ilk have been the sole objects of his adoration. The pleasures he speaks of he knows only by hearsay. His own sad experience, however, has taught him something not only of his unhappy state but also shown him a way to better it and it is for the purpose of introducing a little advice that all the above has been written.

In this college, probably more than in any other, there is a great deal of aimless loafing done. Here, it is not unusual to see students apparently without work to do, and obviously, with no time for play. At some colleges when a man gets up his studies for the next day he starts in to study what he knows will be the next lesson. By following up this plan judiciously it is possible for him to have a large amount of extra time on his hands, and a strong desire to make the most of it. This is the plan the writer would advise all to pursue, and the time gained in this way could not be better spent, than in reading the English Classics, the most important of which are to be found in the Library.

If there is one greater incentive to reading than another, it is the possession of good books. Not merely cheap reprints of English works which are contained in "Seaside" or "Franklin Square Libraries," but books neatly bound and printed. The mere fact of possession is often sufficient to make us read a book, and if the book is intrinsically valuable our pleasure in it is enhanced by possession. There is still much that might be said as to the desirability of a series of lectures on literature, and also upon the dangers from reading nothing but novels, but this shall be spared the courteous reader if indeed he has gotten thus far.

EXCHANGES.

A FOURTH authentic case of resurrection has been added to the world's short list of miracles in that line. Ephraim, an ancient sage, whilom editor of the Argo and boss of the exchange column, who shuffled off this journalistic coil a year and a half ago,

has lately appeared in our midst, and spoken through the exchange column of his old journal. His opening remarks on light literature *versus* the unleavened dough served up by the more conservative papers have a familiar triteness. Even Homer nods occasionally. But soon comes the startling announcement that the day of the "short story" is past. When this terrible statement was read aloud at a meeting of the board, the fighting editor jumped to his feet, tore the radiator out of the wall, seized the luckless wight who does "the short story" for the BURR, doubled him up and shoved him down the flue; (for obituary, see October number).

But Ephraim does not leave us thus desolate, however. He proceeds, and much in the tone of a *modiste* who confides to her customer the information that three-ply basques with double lacings are going to be worn this winter, he tells us that "short sketches after the style of Irving and Hawthorne," are the correct thing this season. Now we have often dashed off at odd moments, articles "after the style of Irving and Hawthorne," but a foolish delicacy about submitting them to the tender mercies of a critical world has prevented their publication. We had intended getting them together and publishing them as a volume of posthumous works of the worthies mentioned. Now, however, their future is assured. They will fill the vacuum left by the unused pen of the unfortunate "short story" man.

We are also in a position to supply the trade with articles "after" this style at reduced rates.

KERNELS.

—The Laboratory building is growing like a mushroom.

—Work has been begun on the new Athletic Grounds. The Fall sports are a certainty.

—When is a ship ridiculously in love?
When she 'ankers after a swell.—*Wooster Collegian*.

—A certain sophomore is getting up a new decimal system. He takes one and eleven-tenths as the base.

—Carl Kepler need no longer leave his back door open on Sunday; the Library has started its opposition.

Would-be-champion after the Tournament.—"Why did the fellows all yell, 'Well placed,' when they put the ball near me?"

—Tuesday, Sept. 11, Seminary opens. "Two instructors merry" trip down to three inbound trains. Alas! for disappointed hopes.

—Mr. Dean ('86) has a fine stock of text-books and stationery at his room on Fourth and Wyandotte streets. Students will do well to patronize him.

—The officers of the University L. T. C for this year are: President—Linderman; Vice-President—Peale; Treasurer—Wilbur; Secretary—Howe.

—The officers of the Sophomore class are as follows: President—Clapp; Vice-President—Taylor; Treasurer—Sayre; Secretary—Surls; Historian—Davis

—The students have not yet discarded their Summer regalia; and 'yarns,' Norfolk jackets, and Knickerbockers bewilder the eyes of the German maidens.

—Progression in classes
This year surely lags;
The Juniors are Freshmen,
The Freshmen their fags.

—'85 has consigned its "Epitome" to the fostering care of the following committee: Davis, Clapp, Dean, Howe, Surls, Breinig, Luckenbach, H., Hazelton, and Taylor.

—The Laboratory has become a very handsome structure, but our buildings still give a visitor the impression that the University has a private quarry of Potsdam sandstone.

—Problem.—If a college expends six hundred dollars on a flower-bed a hundred feet in circumference, how much will it give towards a race track one-fifth of a mile in circumference?

—The new rules and regulations which the attendants of the Library have managed to invent during their Summer vacation, can not lessen the joy over the Sunday opening of the Library.

—The thanks of the University L. T. C. are due to Mr. William Thurston for the use of his grounds on last Saturday. The grounds of the Club will be completed this Fall.

—Professor.—(Frankly.) "I never could see any sense in that ode of Horace."

Student.—(Who has just flunked.) "Then my translation was right for once."

—In another column will be found a letter from an ex-Editor of the BURR, who is now seeking rest from his labors in Europe. The moral is obvious: strive to be an editor, that in due time you may become an ex-editor.

—During the strike of the telegraph operators a worthy deacon who "got left" telegraphed home as follows: "Awful! Missed the train. Will be home to-morrow." Somewhere along the line there must have been a green hand, for when that innocent little message reached the loving wife it read: "Am full! Missed the train. Will be home to-morrow."

THE LEHIGH BURR.

—The members of the Senior class elected the following officers: President—A. P. Smith; Vice-President—J. A. Jardine; Treasurer—J. W. Kellogg; Secretary—C. O. Haines; Historian—H. B. Douglass.

—By a new rule of the Faculty, or by the resurrection of an old one, a student not having a term-mark in any study is shut out from both examination and re-examination. He must take the subject over again.

—The Executive Committee of the L. U. L. T. C. did well to sink the prizes, offered by the Club for the Tournament, below the distinction of champion. The ancients were quite content to train two years for the chance of winning a laurel wreath, while we are too often forced to bribe our athletes with gold, though they do no training.

—Scene—Hop.—Senior at punch bowl; fond mother at lemonade ditto F. M.—(*In-matter-of-fact tones*)—“Say, Rob, you’re not full, are you?”

Senior.—(*In horrified surprise*) “Why, of course not, mother; what in—”

F. M.—(*Placidly*) “Well then! Give poor Miss Jones a dance—can’t you?”

(Immense relief of Senior.)

—Why do these Hazers laugh over their Wine?

Because Ye Freshman has Set it up and '86 is some ahead.

Does Ye Freshman laugh?

No, it is not his Turn to laugh.

Is Wine Good to get a Head with?

Not when Ye Freshman has put Tartar Emetic in it.

Where does Ye Freshman stand now?

He is some lengths ahead.

—Two genuine excuses handed to the President:

Pres. Lamberton: — The excuse of my being absent at Chaple on Friday is that walking more than usual the first few days I was in Bethlehem. I raised a blister on my foot, and altho' I allowed twenty minutes for the walk from Church street. I did not reach chaple until the doors were closed. * * * * * Sec. 1st Tech.

Pres. Lamberton: — My excuse for absence is that owing to my forgetfulness I was absent from chapel yesterday.

—Chemistry. — Prof. — “Mr. —, please hand me that ewer there.” Student — “Sir?” Prof. — “That ewer there.” Student — “Yes, sir; I’m here.” Prof. (*Getting his bile riled*.) “On the table!” Student — “On the table?” Prof. — (*Very much riled*.) “Don’t you see that ewer on the table?” Student — “I ain’t on the table.” Prof. — (*Ready to burst*.) “Can you see that ewer full of GAS?” Student feels greatly insulted, and leaves the room to lay before the president his grievances —*Er.*

—The Allentown & Bethlehem Turnpike Company have commenced charging bicyclists toll to the amount of eight cents each way. Various are the schemes which the club-members have discussed for avoiding the imposition. One is, that the club go into bankruptcy and pay ten cents on a dollar. Another is to ride up to within a hundred feet of the gate, dismount, pick your bicycle up and walk past, stopping to ask the toll-keeper what his rates are for pedestrians. The best of all, however, is to sell your machine and invest the money in turnpike stock.

—The orator on Founder’s day is to be the Hon. Eckley B Coxe. An engineer of great ability, thorough education, and wide experience, he will command the closest attention on the part of his student audience.

—First Freshman. — “There goes Miss Van Sant. Do you know her?”

Second Freshman—*genus ead.* — “Yes, I’ve been introduced, but I intend to cut her. Fortunately, whenever I meet her, she’s looking the other way.”

—During vacation, striking machinery operated by electricity was placed in the tower of Packer Hall, the large bell answering the purpose of a gong. The machinery is connected by an insulated wire with the clock in the L. V. R. R. office, keeping standard Philadelphia time. At the close of each hour a current passes through the wire causing the bell in the tower to toll the hour. A battery of fifteen Leclanché cells in the cellar of the L. V. R. R. office furnishes the electricity. This arrangement abolishes the ancient custom of ringing a small hand-bell as a signal to dismiss classes, and, in announcing the hour so clearly, is a decided advantage to the students.

—Three more instructors have been rendered necessary by the constantly increasing number of students. Albert L. Colby, Ph. B., ('81) of the School of Mines, Columbia College, and J. W. Baird, M. A., Ph. C., ('83) of Michigan University have been appointed instructors in Chemistry. Mr. Colby, late assistant to Prof. C. F. Chandler of Columbia has the position held by Mr. Bailey in the quantitative laboratory; and Mr. Baird will superintend the qualitative work of the Sophomores. R. H. Tucker, C. E., class of '79 of Lehigh, and late assistant in the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., has been added to the force in the department of Mathematics. The fact that the freshmen anathematize him is evidence that he does his work well.

This number of the “Burr” is sent to every member of the freshman class. It is supposed that they will all subscribe. Any not wishing to do so should inform the business editor to that effect. Those desiring its continuance should send their names and dollars to

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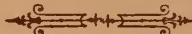
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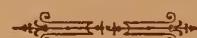
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LEHIGH BURR.—SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

NO. 1.

IT has been a well-known fact for several years that Saucon and Christmas Halls are kept open at a considerable expense to the University. It has recently been made known that the nightly hullabaloo raised by some of their inmates has rendered it a public nuisance, causing complaint and threats of prosecution from the neighbors. These two things have led the authorities to consider the advisability of closing them entirely and turning them over to other University uses. The decision hangs in the balance.

In this connection it behooves the students, as a matter of self-protection, to throw the whole weight of influence on that side which shall retain these buildings in their present use, as dormitories. The greed of the average Bethlehemite who takes boarders, is proverbial. He rents a little house for eight dollars a month, fills it with children and the odor of cabbage, and then wishes to rent his front room to the impecunious student at ten dollars a month. The existence of dormitories with low rent and good accommodations furnishes the only guarantee against this imposition. Do not, then, let the reputation of the Halls become such that the trustees must close them as a moral quarantine precaution.

NEW STUDENTS.

THE following list of new students has been made out from the University rolls with as much accuracy as possible. It is published for the benefit of the numerous friends of the students, including their creditors.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Abbot, W. O.,	Tech.,	Bethlehem.
Ainey, W. D. B.,	Gen.Lit.	Allentown.
Amsden, F. F.,	Tech.,	Scranton.
Ayres, G.,	"	Washington, D. C.
Barnsley, G. T.,	"	Hartsville, Pa.
Barrell, R. W.,	"	N. Providence, N. Y.

Bates, W. E.,	Tech.,	Allentown,
Bevan, E. L.,	"	Pottstown.
Birney, H. H.,	Gen.Lit.	Washington, D. C.
Bonnot, A.,	Tech.,	Norfolk, Va.
Bowman, W. J. J.,	"	Trenton, N. J.
Bradford, H. C.,	"	W'n Village, N. Y.
Bradford, Wm.,	"	Dover, Del.
Branch, J. G.,	"	Columbia, Tenn.
Brown, C. E.,	"	Johnstown.
Bryan, K.	"	Baltimore, Md.
Buck, C. A.,	"	South Bethlehem.
Buckner, J. C.,	"	Baltimore, Md.
Burkhardt, O. C.,	"	Bethlehem.
Byerly, J. H.,	"	Millersville.
Chambers, Alex.	"	Trenton, N. J.
Chapman, L. F.,	"	Catasauqua,
Cooke, Ed. M.,	Gen. Lit.	Bethlehem.
Davidson, A. D.,	Spec.,	Hamilton, Mon.Ty
Davis, C. B.,	Tech.,	Philadelphia:
Deweese, L. L.,	Gen. Lit.	Pottsville.
Diven, E.,	"	Elmira, N. Y.
Dravo, F. R.,	Tech.,	Allegheny.
Enright, P. F.,	"	South Bethlehem.
Fehnel, M. H.,	Gen. Lit.	Bethlehem.
Fertig, J. H.,	Tech.,	Titusville.
Fisher, H. S.,	Gen. Lit.	Pottsville.
Forster, J. D.,	Tech.,	Harrisburg.
Frazier, K.,	Gen. Lit.	Bethlehem.
Frey, C. W.,	Tech.,	"
Gallagher, D.,	"	South Bethlehem.
Hageman, W. J.,	"	Philadelphia.
Haines, H. S.,	"	Savannah, Ga.
Hardcastle, H.,	Gen. Lit.	Easton, Md.
Harwi, C. A.,	Tech.,	Bethlehem.
Hileman, J. S.,	Gen. Lit.	Pittston.
Hittell, J. B. F.,	Tech.,	Allentown.
Hix, E. R.,	"	New York City.
Howard, J. M.,	"	Hagerstown, Md.
Kiesel, Wm. F.,	"	Scranton.
Knight, H.,	"	Lancaster.
Knorr, F. H.,	"	Germantown, Phil.
Koehler, G. H.,	"	L. IslandCity,N.Y.

LEHIGH BURR.—SUPPLEMENT.

Ladoo, J. W.,	Tech.,	Houghton, Mich.	Wiechardt, A. J., Tech.,	Philadelphia.
Langdon, S. D.,	"	Augusta, Ga.	Wilbur, H.,	Bethlehem.
Lee, R. W.,	"	Baltimore, Md.	Wilhelm, Wm. H., Gen.Lit.,	Mauch Chunk.
Lee, R. W.,	"	Canton, China.	Wilkens, H. A. J., Tech.,	Baltimore, Md.
Leuckel, A. K.,	Gen.Lit.,	Lehighton.	Williams, D. S.,	Cedar Creek, N. Y.
Mack, J. S.,	Tech.,	E. Mauch Chunk.	Williams, F.,	Johnstown.
Mack, W. L.,	"	" "	Wilson, A. R.,	Gen.Lit.,Bethlehem.
McGrath, R. H.,	"	Friedensburg,	Witmer, N. J.,	Tech., Bismarck,Leb. Co.
Maharg, W. S.,	"	Bethlehem.	Woods, W. H.,	Gen.Lit.,Philadelphia.
McDade, C. W.,	Gen.Lit.,	Hagerstown, Md.	Wyckoff, W.,	Tech., Belvidere, N. J.
McFarland, W. H.,	Tech.,	Oswego, N. Y.	Yeatman, H. C.,	" Columbia, Tenn.
McMillan, J.,	"	Pittston.	Yost, G. F.,	" Bethlehem.
Meiley, H. S.,	"	Middletown.		SOPHOMORE CLASS.
Mills, Wm. W.	"	Reading.	Boggs, T. G.,	Tech., Allegheny.
Mitchell, E. B.,	"	Allentown.	Richards, G. F.,	" Pittsburgh.
Moore, M. P.,	"	Carlisle.		JUNIOR CLASS.
Mohr, A. M.,	"	Kutztown.	White, J. G.,	Tech., Milroy.
Neale, C. T.,	"	Pittsburg.		POST GRADUATES.
Nitze, H. B. C.,	"	Baltimore, Md.	Briggs, W.,	M.A., Reading.
Ogden, J. H.,	"	Macon, Ga.	Butler, H. A.,	M.S., Mauch Chunk.
Pettinos, G. F.,	"	Carlisle.	Cooke, H. V.,	M.A., Bethlehem.
Pierce, Wm. R.,	"	Franklin Furnace Sussex Co., N. J.	Duncan, M. M.,	Ph.D., Rockwood, Tenn.
Pollak, C. P.,	Gen.Lit.,	St. Louis, Mo.	Forestall, A. E.,	A.C., Chicago.
Polk, R. K.,	Tech.,	Columbia, Tenn.	Hopkins, C. C.,	C.E., Woodhull,
Pratt, M. D.,	"	Carlisle.	Hoppes, G. L.,	M.S., Bethlehem.
Rathbun, W. R.,	Gen.Lit.,	South Bethlehem.	Lambert, P. A.,	M.A., Washington, D. C.
Rau, A. G.,	"	Bethlehem.	Meaker, A.,	Ph.D., Bethlehem.
Reichard, H. A.,	"	Allentown.	More, W. F.,	M.A., Bethlehem.
Riegel, G. Wm.,	Tech.,	Bethlehem.	Purnell, F. H.,	E.M., Berlin, Md.
Schmidt, E. B.,	Gen.Lit.,	Ilion, N. Y.,	Stockton, L.,	M.A., Phoenixville.
Scull, J. W.,	Tech.,	Philadelphia.	Treharn, L. B.,	M.A., Mauch Chunk.
Shurts, H. W.,	"	Orange, N. J.	Wing, L.,	E.M., Canton, China.
Slingluff, Wm. H.,	"	Norristown.		SUMMARY.
Snyder, E. E.,	"	Bethlehem.		<i>Freshman.</i>
Stoek, H. H.,	"	Washington, D. C.	Tech.,	- - - - 83
Stott, W. E.,	"	Washington, D. C.	Gen. Lit.	- - - - 21
Stout, C. E.,	Gen.Lit.,	Bethlehem.	Special	- - - - 1
Suarez, M. F.,	Tech.,	New York City.		<i>Sophomore.</i>
Terrell, O. O.	"	Burteas Creek, Va.	Tech.,	- - - - 2
Thomas, J. W.,	"	Hokendauqua.		<i>Junior.</i>
Turner, C. P.,	"	Oxford, N. Y.	Tech.,	- - - - 1
Twining, Wm.,	"	E. Mauch Chunk.		<i>Post Graduate.</i>
Van Kirk, Edw. P.,	"	Elizabeth.	Tech.,	- - - - 6
Wherry, T. M.,	"	South Bend.	Gen. Lit.,	- - - - 8
Whithead, R. L.,	"	Amherst C. H.,Va.		
			Total	- - - - 122



